

MOLDERS QUIT WHEN REFUSED HIGHER WAGES

CAMBRIDGE CITY, Ind., Feb. 1.—Bertsch & Company, having refused the demand of their molders for a wage of \$3.00 per day, the latter, with the exception of two, have quit the company's employ, and will seek positions elsewhere.—F. C. Mosbaugh, after having been confined to his home three weeks on account of grip, was able to be at the Tribune office Monday....The river and creeks at this place have receded to such an extent that danger is no longer threatened, although many of the cellars and basements contain water to the depth of two and three feet....Fred Clarke of Zanesville, Ohio, was the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Miller....Mrs. B. F. Griffin has returned after a week's visit with her son, Charles Griffin and wife, at Richmond....The Friday Night club will meet this week at the home of Miss Mabel Straglin....The subject of the evening will be "Greek Catholicism"....Fred Huddleston of Indianapolis has been spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Huddleston....Edward T. Warfel of Richmond, candidate for the nomination for county treasurer, distributed his cards among the voters of Cambridge City, Monday....Robert Krone, while engaged in a game of basketball at the sawmill here, on Saturday, was struck by a falling beam, causing a serious, but not dangerous, scalp wound, which required the attention of a surgeon....Mrs. Charles F. Wheeler entertained the Married Ladies' card club, at her home in Main street, Friday afternoon...."500" was played at three tables, with Mesdames W. R. Little, B. A. Carpenter, C. L. Toppin and Fred Goebel as guests. A two-course luncheon was served, the hostess being assisted by Mrs. George Babcock....The next meeting of the club will be with Mrs. F. Harvey....Mr. and Mrs. John S. Peele, who were married at Minneapolis on January 24, will make Cambridge City their place of residence.

BAVIS WILL EXPLAIN L. H. & P. PURCHASE

Discussion of the proposed southside bridge and an explanation by Alfred Bavis, president of the board of works of the proposed purchase by the city of the Richmond, Light, Heat & Power company, will be the principal subjects to be heard at the regular meeting of the Southside Improvement association tonight.

MONTENEGRIN PRINCE BELIEVED KILLED



PRINCE MIRKO.

STEAMER BEACHED

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The Dutch liner Maasdiik has been badly damaged and beached, it was announced today. Two members of the crew were killed. It is believed that the liner hit a mine. The Maasdiik has been engaged in traffic between Holland and South America. It sailed from Montenegro for Rotterdam, its home port, on December 21.

Hair Curled This Way Looks Naturally Wavy

Tonight after you have brushed out your hair, dip a clean tooth brush into some plain liquid silmerine and draw it through the hair, strand by strand. This is by far the best thing you can use if you want your hair to appear naturally wavy and curly, glossy and beautiful.

Finance Minister in First Trench



This interesting picture shows M. Millerand, the French Minister of Finance, leaving one of the first line trenches in northern France after a recent tour of inspection. Note that M. Millerand is wearing one of the new steel helmets supplied to the French troops in the field to guard against head wounds from hursting shrapnel.

Helen and Warren Series; Story of Their Married Life

"Thirty dollars a week?" repeated Helen. "Oh, I'm so glad for you!"

"Yes, it does seem princely after three years of pouncing that type writer. When I gave Mr. Richards notice—he offered to raise me to fifteen." Laura's laugh was harsh. "Generous of him, wasn't it?"

"You've always been so bitter against him."

"Why shouldn't I be?" defiantly. "The work I did was worth more and he knew it! Now I'm through. Didn't I glory in telling him!"

"But these moving picture people—how did you get in touch with them?"

"Mr. Carr hearded where I did last winter. He thought then he could get me in—but only as an extra. They pay \$5 a day, but the work's uncertain and I was afraid to risk it. Last week he called up and said there was a chance in the regular company; to come right over and see Mr. Stanley, the director."

"And he engaged you at once?"

"No, I'd no experience except that one week with the Universal. But they were to take some pictures in Jersey the next day, Sunday, and he said he'd try me out. I was terrified. I felt everything depended on my work that day. But it was cloudy and they didn't do much, so I had only one scene. Monday they put me in stock at thirty a week. Now it's up to me to make good."

"Oh, you will," encouraged Helen warmly. "I know you will."

"If only I had some clothes! I need an evening gown desperately. They lent me one for a supper scene, but it was a mile too big."

"Why, I'll gladly lend you any of mine."

"Oh, I didn't mean that." Then impulsively. "But if you could—until I have a chance to get some—"

"You know I'd love to. Come in here, we'll look over what I have."

Her best gowns Helen kept in the large hall closet. And now she took down several from their hangers and turned them right side out.

"You've so many! I love this!" Laura held up a pale blue chiffon, with a knife-pleated underskirt.

"That's old. I got that in London on our first trip, three years ago. Look how badly it's worn—the chiffon's all pulled in front."

"But that wouldn't show in the picture. It doesn't matter if they're soiled or worn, it's only the style and material that show."

"Try it on," urged Helen. "No, sir, you can't lie THERE!" lifting Pussy Purp-Mew from the soft fluffiness of a white chaise longue.

Slipping out of her skirt waist and skirt, Laura, radiantly expectant, raised the blue chiffon over her head.

"Your corset cover's too high," as Helen started to hook the gown. "Wait! I can turn it in."

"Oh, it's so graceful—and it just fits me! I'm wild about it!"

"It does look well. I didn't think we were so near the same size."

"What're you two doing in there?" called Warren, who always resented being left alone in the evening.

"Laura's trying on some of my gowns. She may have to borrow one for the pictures." Then impulsively, "Go let Warren see you in that."

With excitement, Laura ran into the library.

"Great!" laying down his paper. "Say, that's stunning on you! Suits you better than it does Helen."

Helen knew this was true, but she shrank from having it put into words. Though they had been schoolmates, Laura, with her cloudy hair and vivid coloring, was several years younger; and, beside her, Helen felt suddenly colorless and old.

When she tried on the next gown, she whirled about before the mirror, then darted off with a joyous "I want Mr. Curtis to see this one."

"Turn around," commanded Warren. "Jove, you can wear Helen's clothes all right. That suits you to a T."

Helen had grown very quiet. She was genuinely fond of Laura, but she could not keep back the vague bitterness that every woman feels toward another who is younger and more striking.

As she hooked Laura into the last gown, she glanced over her shoulder into the glass. Yes, she looked older, decidedly older.

"I shouldn't think of borrowing this—it's too new and fresh."

"Oh, you wouldn't hurt it." Helen tried to be generous.

"No—no, one of the others will do just as well."

This time when she ran in for Warren's approval, Helen did not go with her. Instead she stood waiting by the dresser, slowly sticking the pins in the pin cushion into a long even row.

"I've had nothing but shirt waists for so long—Laura now came in to be unhooked—it's a joy to know I can wear something else."

Thoughtfully Helen hung back the gowns. She ought to give Laura the blue one—give it to her outright. She could not wear it as it was, and it was hardly worth a new over skirt.

Had their places been reversed, she knew that Laura, with her reckless liberality, would have given it to her without a thought. But it was always hard for her to part with her clothes. Her desire to hold on to things was a failing that she had constantly to strive against.

She had hung up the blue gown, but now she forced herself to take it down again.

"Laura, I'm going to give you this. It's selfish to talk of lending it when I've so many. No, please don't," checking Laura's effusive thanks. "And you'll need some satin slippers," swept on by her own generosity. "I wonder if I haven't a pair you can wear."

"Try these."

Laura took off her shoe and struggled with the slender white slipper. If Warren could see her now, was Helen's thoroughly feminine wish.

"No," ruefully, "I can't begin to get it on. I know I couldn't," generously. "But I can buy slippers, the dress is the main thing."

"How'll you carry it? In a box? Or shall I just wrap it up?"

"Anyway," hesitatingly, "I'm wild about that knife-pleated skirt. Look, how full it is! Oh, that CAN'T be half-past ten!"

"That's all right. Warren'll take you to the car."

"No, he won't. I'm not a bit afraid. Oh, that paper's good enough! Don't worry about the bundle, I don't care what it looks like."

When she was ready to go, in spite of her protests, Warren insisted on going to the car.

At the elevator she kissed Helen gratefully.

"I can't tell you how much this means to me just now. I've got to make good in the next few weeks, and having the right kind of clothes will help."

Left alone, Helen went straight to the hall closet and again took out the gowns. Throwing them on the bed in her room, she began to try them on. She had a morbid desire to see herself in them now—to make more definite the aching comparison that obsessed her.

Turning on a stronger light, with pitiless scrutiny she noted her every defect. Her features were as good and her profile more delicate than Laura's, but her coloring was less vivid and her hair less effective.

Helen's hair had always been a trial, for it was over-time, clinging and uncompromisingly straight. Shaking it down, she did it up more loosely and fluffed it out with a comb. Then, rubbing her cheeks with her knuckles until they glowed, she stood back from the mirror to get the full length effect.

In her absorption she had not heard Warren come in. And now she started violently as he appeared at the door of her room.

"Mighty fine that Laura's landed that job. If she can hold that down for a few months—she'll be all right."

"Yes, I'm so glad. She always loathed stenography," gathering up the dresses from the bed in an effort to hide the one she had on.

"She's got an expressive face, good film face, I should say. Never saw her dolled up before. Makes a big difference. Now hurry up, get those things put away—it's after eleven."

He had turned away without having noticed Helen's gown. But her relief was only momentary, for he promptly came back.

"Say, we'll have to find out when they run some of those films—"

Then as his glance took in the gown, "What in thunder! What're you rigging up for—this time of night?"

"Oh, nothing," confusedly. "I just thought I'd try this on," unhooking it with nervous fumbling fingers.

But Warren's keen gaze had penetrated her flushed confusion.

"Hello, that's it, eh? Thought Laura looked better in those duds than you did? Well you ARE a little ninny."

"I know Laura's younger, and I know they did look better on—"

her voice broke.

"For the love of Mike! Can you beat that! See here, if there's one thing you can't sidestep—it's getting old! If that's all you've got to worry about—you're blame lucky."

"Oh, I DREAD to get old!" passionately. "I can't bear to feel I'm not as—"

Three long strides brought Warren across the room.

"Look in there!" pushing her unwillingly in front of the mirror.

Against the dark background of his shoulder, with her flushed cheeks and rumpled hair, Helen looked young—amazingly young—twenty at most.

"Not quite ready for the old ladies' home, eh? Well, as long as your hair and teeth stay in—don't you worry. Now let's get to bed."

Now let's get to bed."

Now let's get to bed."

Now let's get to bed."

Now let's get to bed."

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THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

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As soon as Hassan had eaten his breakfast he drove over to the home of Kama. And the younger brother was forgiving enough to welcome him, show him all his great gifts and even tell him about the magic drum.

Then he took down the drum and explained its manner of working.

Kama was wise enough not to tell about the storehouse full of gold, for he feared it might tempt his brother to do him harm, but he never thought Hassan would try to steal the drum. But that is just what he did. That night, when the moon set, Hassan stole out into the night and, opening the window, got into the house. In a few moments he had the drum under his arm and was running madly home. But safe at home he hid it under his bed, while he thought out what he could best wish for.

Then he beat upon the drum loudly. There was a noise, a cloud of smoke and a voice said: "What does my master wish?"

"I want you to turn the home of my brother to ashes, to burn his cattle and crops and turn his family out in rags," exclaimed the wicked brother. "Then you are pite in my court yard as many bags of gold as will make an acre of money."

Hassan rose and went to the window. He saw the beautiful home of his brother crumble into ashes, the cattle destroyed in the fields, the crops in flames and, at last, Kama and his visible hands till they filled the whole space and shut out the light.

Poor Kama did not at first know what had happened to bring on his misfortune, but when he reached the top of a hill and saw the bags being piled into his brother's yard, he knew at once that the whole work was that of his wicked brother and that Hassan must have stolen the magic drum.

So he decided to see if he could not get the drum back. Making the children comfortable in a warm cave, he set out at dark to the home of his

plight. He tried to get the sticks to stop, but they only beat the harder. So with a strong kick, Kama broke the drum to bits.

Then he cared kindly for his brother. With the gold in his great storehouse he built another palace, bought other cattle and was soon as happily fixed as he had been before.

Tomorrow's story—"Polly's Prisoner."

CARRANZA TO FAIL PREDICTS WILSON



Henry Lane Wilson, former United States Ambassador to Mexico, who is directing the Belgian Relief work, predicts the failure of the Carranza government in Mexico. In spite of this government's recognition, says Mr. Wilson, Carranza cannot hope to establish a firm government in the war torn country.

PASTOR PROSECUTES MOCK COURT CASE

The following named persons will be the officers in the mock trial of David Stephenson, Jr., at the Baptist young people's social at the home of J. H. Unthank, 108 Lincoln street, on Tuesday night: Judge, Martin L. Rowe; prosecutor, W. O. Stovall; sheriff, Russell McMahon; clerk, Miss Marjorie Morgan; attorney for defense, J. H. Unthank. Stephenson is charged with trying to beat Mrs. Clara Dean out of a board bill. The defense has already shown its hand in setting up the claim that the charge is the outgrowth of jealousy.

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ECONOMICS SOCIETY "JITNEY SUPPER" PLANS ANNOUNCED

BETHEL, Ind., Feb. 1.—The program has been arranged for the "Jitney Supper" to be given Saturday evening, Feb. 5 at the Century hall under the auspices of the Home Economics club. The program follows:

Piano solo—Florence Boren.
Reading—Evelyn Moore.
Vocal solo, "A Perfect Day"—Genevieve Anderson.
Recitation, "Yo Uebucanhezah"—Leslie Anderson.
Recitation—Otis Money.
Song, "Mother Machree"—Anderson girls' quartet.
Dialogue—Hazel Tharp and Fern Adelman.

Vocal solo—Miss Hyde.
Piano duet, "Melody of Love"—Florence Boren and Lillie Benbow.
Recitation, "Down on the Farm"—Omar Mann.
Pantomime, "Old Kentucky Home"—Gladys Anderson.
Comic reading—Mrs. Oliver Spencer.
Duet, "Don't Know Where I'm Goin'"—Gladys Anderson and John Davis in costume.

Numbers will be given by the Edison phonograph.

DENY SIGNING TREATY.

TOKIO, Feb. 1.—The foreign affairs office issued a statement today denying the report from Berlin that Japan and England have signed a treaty recognizing Japan's superior rights in the far east.

The Scots in Ulster first established linen manufacturing during the reign of James I, and from this beginning has the business of the present day developed.

How to Shed a Rough, Chapped or Blotchy Skin

This is what you should do to shed a bad complexion: Spread evenly over the face, covering every inch of skin, a thin layer of ordinary mercolized wax. Let this stay on over night, washing it off next morning. Repeat daily until your complexion is as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. This result is inevitable, no matter how soiled or withered the complexion. The wax literally absorbs the filthy surface skin, exposing the lovely young skin beneath. The process is entirely harmless, so little of the old skin coming off at a time. Mercolized wax is obtainable at any drug store; one ounce usually suffices. It's a veritable wonder-worker for rough chapped, reddened, blotchy, pimpled, freckled or sallow skin.

Pure powdered saxonite is excellent for a wrinkled skin. An ounce of it dissolved in a half-pint which hazel makes a refreshing wash-lotion. This renders the skin quite firm and smooth; indeed, the very first application erases the finer lines; the deeper ones soon follow.—Adv.

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By special arrangement you can get this fine 10½ inch Solid Aluminum griddle for less than the wholesale price.

Go to your grocer, get 50 cents worth of Karo and send us the labels and 85 cents and you'll get the Aluminum Griddle by prepaid parcel post.

You know Aluminum ware—you know how long it lasts, how much easier it is to cook with. It doesn't chip, it doesn't rust and it always looks so bright and clean and inviting.

You don't have to grease this Aluminum Griddle, it does not smoke up the house; it bakes griddle cakes and corn cakes crisp and light—the way you want your griddle cakes to be. And the cakes are far more digestible and better flavored.

At great expense we are seeking to place a Karo Aluminum Griddle in the homes of all Karo users, so that Karo—the famous spread for griddle cakes and waffles—may be served on the most deliciously baked cakes that can be made.

Last year the people of this country used 65,000,000 cans of Karo—the largest demand ever given any syrup.

That shows you what people who know Karo think of it, how much better they like it than any of the old kind of syrups.

Take advantage of this chance to get this solid Aluminum Griddle at a clear saving of \$1.40 in cash.

Get the Karo Today—and send us the labels and 85 cents (P.O. money order or stamps) at once. We will also send you free the Corn Products Cook Book.

Corn Products Refining Co.
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